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In 344
Housekeeper's Chat

Tuesday, September 2, 1930

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

Subject: Curtains for the Cottage

Bulletins available: Aunt Sammy's Radio Recipes

--ooOoo--

I planned to be very practical today - to give you the latest thing on winter curtains for the living room. That was before I went to the country, for the week-end. The winter curtains can wait a little while, though I know it is time to be looking over the new drapery fabrics.

If you don't mind, I'm going to tell you instead about the cottage where I spent the week-end. Maybe, it will give you an idea for the next summer house you furnish!

The name of this little country place is The Interlude. My friends named it that, because they go there only occasionally, for short stays and they have lent it many times to others, who didn't have a nice vacation place of their own, and didn't know quite where to go. So it has been a pleasant Interlude, for lots of people. It's a very clever name this little place has, don't you think?

The house is just a plain, brown shingled house, set sideways to the road, behind a gray stone wall, banked with trees and wild shrubs. Traffic may come and go, on the highway, but it bothers nobody in the little brown house. When I turned into the wide gateway, with its rough stone posts and saw the view of meadows filled with fall wild flowers, and a blue mountain in the distance, I forgot everything practical. I almost forgot I was Aunt Sammy.

The little brown house itself is as comfortable, and attractive, and simple, inside as out. If I had a summer cottage, myself, I believe I'd want it to be like The Interlude.

The living room runs clear across the front of the house. It has a big, hospitable fireplace of gray stones, with the moss and lichens still clinging to them. The walls are not even plastered. They are ceiled with wood, that has turned a lovely rosy, golden brown. The fusters, left bare of course, are small hemlock or cedar logs, stripped of their rough outside bark, but with the soft, satiny, inner bark still on. With such walls and fireplace, the room can't help having a friendly air!

The furniture is just plain and comfortable - not pretending to be all of the same kind, yet somehow made to belong together by the pretty chintz cushion and slip covers on the easy chairs. The large table, which serves as the reading and writing center, has a gay India print for its cover. Soft blue, green, gold, and a touch of brick red, blend together in the cover, and repeat all the other colors in the room. There's a comfortable old-fashioned

April 19, 1964

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation

Dear Sir:

I am writing to you regarding the matter of the "Black Panther Party" and its activities in the United States. I have been informed that you are interested in this organization and its members.

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couch near the fireplace. I almost wished that it would rain, all day, so that I could lie there and read, and look out of the window, now and then, at the mountain. Over in one corner is a builtin bookcase, filled with the kind of books you like to read on vacation - some old, some new. With them are handbooks, also, that tell all about the birds and wild flowers.

The rugs are the large, old-fashioned, braided kind, - unobtrusive, but pleasant to walk and stand on, and also blending in with all the room.

The curtains, though, are what give the final touch. There are eight windows, arranged in groups of two, on three sides of the room - lots of windows, and all with pleasant views. Thin material was evidently the thing to curtain them with.

After thinking over all the inexpensive, filmy, curtain fabrics, my friends chose gold-colored theatrical gauze. The slight unevenness of the texture, and the soft yellow, blend perfectly with the wood-ceiled walls, and unfinished rafters. And the light, coming in through those gold curtains, seems almost like sunshine.

The curtains, of course, are made straight and plain, and shirred onto a small rod at top. Each window has two widths of the material, and the 2-inch hems make a good finish.

In the little dining room, there are the same kind of gold-gauze curtains, but underneath them are gay chintz shades. The dining room gets only the early morning sun. You've no idea, though, how those bright chintz shades tone it up, no matter what the time of day. The chintz is chiefly tan and brown, with a hint of orange, and a dash of blue and green, in the design. My friends confided that they looked long and hard, before they found the chintz they wanted for those shades.

For breakfast on Sunday morning, in that cheery little room, we had: Cantaloupe the sweet, orange-fleshed kind; light fluffy Spoon Bread, baked to a golden brown; crisp, curly brown Bacon; Amber Marmalade; and about the clearest, brownest Coffee I ever saw. I accused my friends of planning the breakfast menu to fit the color scheme of the room. It was "just accident," they assured me.

The lovely wild flowers, in a low blue bowl, on the table, were no "accident," though. My friends always have wild flowers, in their summer cottage, but they never, never pick the rare wild things. They choose goldenrod, and daisies, and asters - flowers that grow in abundance everywhere, and that spring up year after year. "Half the charm of bouquets," they say, "is in the arrangement. No need to rob, either woods or roadside."

In the living room they had a wild-flower bouquet, in a huge old-fashioned, brown pitcher. Some way, they always manage to get flowers that tone in with the colors of the room. Perhaps it is because the room itself, is a blend of so many quiet, rich colors.

But I'm forgetting to tell you about the spoon-bread recipe. When I asked them how they made it, they said:

"The joke is certainly on you, Aunt Sammy. We got our spoon-bread recipe from your own radio cookbook. Yes, the one with the "spinach-green cover" you are always talking about. 'If you haven't a copy, we'll be glad to send you one'," they chanted in unison.

So much for my friends and my visit at about-the-nicest-summer-cottage I know. Tomorrow I promise to be practical.



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